

2 love poems by j t connor

- ◇ 13 imperfect love poems
- ◇ love poem #14

13 imperfect Love poems in correspondence

i.

love is leaving
by all 4s
4 every direction
love must go-

ii.

movement, my love
even in the wind
where a tawny finch
tired, has puffed
its brown chest
against the sun
rests a minute
on the wire fence
then cocks its beak
granting u its
intimate blk eye.

iii.

therefore, nature's blush-
red in the
oak sap,
paint them,
branched from
sweet tree
stick branch-
pew-2-twee
many sing-
asleep
one finch,
the song
from
100 canary.

iv.

a glimpse, lucky
me, my love.
your components
individually are imperfect
where you're from-
train delays, rats

as big as the sky,
massive opioid
epidemic, racism
out the wahoo.

v.

blah blah blah
thought them
who loved,
wrote love lines
for (whom)ever,
may hence
love forever
far from the
war fraught fray-
dreamt
mwuah mwuah mwuah.

vi.

a river; love
like they-
poets do-
who sob
scour
love
leaving
all wet.

vii.

two bodies,
a watery front,
skin splashing against
one naked shore;

viii.

in spite its
muscular form,
forever love
i love forever
the naked chamber
initially cold &
empty,
a heart waiting
to be filled.

ix.

rude reminiscence-
naked
starlight shimmer
on our
moon-white
pale bottoms-
thus, nude eyes
are the only
blue waves
we exchange.

x.

love tough
just enuf
love a little
not too much
love love love
heavy
on the heart
love until
it hurts,
barks like
a hound
comes running
like a horse stampede.

xi.

yes, love
u & i so
it's us
in just
17 lame syllables.

xii.

o love,
shaped in
a small holster,
size
ov a .22-

xiii.

the type that
starts a race;
awake, the finch
graciously

flaunts its
fluff with
the wind
then flies
for the
bullet,
the sun in
its sight.
love imperfectly
perfect love;
blast,
held center,
a (us)
, our is enuf.

Love poem #14

love em
like they're
still alive
quite
beautiful, nice,
asleep.
bent on
their soft back
silhouette
wall 2 wall
2 wall 2 wall
(2 be
in their body)
between cold
white walls;

nude curve
silver as
a nite snake
press in this
sheen sheer:
love, heaven
in our box room-
pale moonlite,
that blanket
familiar
on your skin.
wine white
r the
walls. i'm
afraid 2 find
pinnacle relief,
a clinically
insane dosage,
effervescent glow
off yr soul: froth

from the
rabid heart,
yr slow river
trowel coming
inside me
rapid tough.

however our
invisible electric
rapture,
how may i
ravish
thus passion
till ruptured?
my mind
gone, far
in advanced age
(ancient, until
time, my
darling, dear)-
happenstance
our origin dance,
love,
a wild happiness

coming 2 the
great corner
ov my small
room,
skin like
wrinkled bedsheets
tucked under
1 pillow,
my nipples sag,
a
desk with many

melted candles,
the wicks,
like u, gone-
unlike the
fire that once
rose in that
small vessel,
smudged against
the glass
aflame. somehow,
a moon still
chisels shadows
shaped 2
yr figure,
fine & bold.

flame, my love,
may i never
forget;
yr presence
had stained
a dark spot
on the wall-
from when
finally
at last-
our first nite,
the last star,

twilite
reflecting
on your lip
off mine,
quivering.